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present

SONGS OF TRAVEL

EVE-LYN DE LA HAYE *soprano*

BENJAMIN COVEY *baritone*

BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, January 30, 2007

7:30 p.m.

sponsored by



SONGS OF TRAVEL

EVE-LYN DE LA HAYE, soprano

BENJAMIN COVEY, baritone

BRUCE UBUKATA, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group 🎶

Songs of Travel (*Robert Louis Stevenson*)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Stevenson's collection of 44 poems, *Songs of Travel*, was published posthumously in 1896. Although they quickly achieved popularity and were much anthologized, "the poems are all technically competent, unambitious and pleasing 'occasional verse', but for the most part they are clearly the diversions of a prose writer" (David Daiches). They were written at various times throughout Stevenson's career — *The roadside fire* is said to date from his sojourn in California with his future wife. Travel for Stevenson was an escape from the stifling atmosphere of his upbringing, and also an attempt to deal with the ill-health that plagued him from childhood. Laughing in the face of fate (which eventually struck him down at the age of 44) was his typical attitude: 'Let the blow fall soon or late, let what will be o'er me'.

Vaughan Williams's cycle has been called 'a kind of English *Winterreise*, with the wanderer philosophically accepting what life brings to him' (Michael Kennedy). The composer chose nine poems, not in Stevenson's order, and gave them his own titles. (That the idea of musical settings was in the poet's mind is suggested by Stevenson's subtitles: *Give to me the life I love* — to an air of Schubert, and *Home no more home to me* — to the tune of Wandering Willie.) The songs very soon became popular with performers and audiences. *Whither must I wander* (a particular favourite of Peter Warlock) appeared first in 1902. In 1905 came what was called *Book 1*, consisting of numbers 1, 8 and 3; *Book 2* (numbers 2, 4, 5 and 6) appeared in 1907. The ninth song was discovered in the composer's papers after his death and was published in 1960.

This publication history obscured, for a long time, the work's identity as one of the greatest English song-cycles. Dramatically and musically, its shape is masterly. Quotations, both overt and subtle, from one song to another abound, particularly in *Youth and Love* and in the epilogue, which leaves us marching into the distance with the vagabond's tread.

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river —
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I seek, the heaven above
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger:
 White as meal the frosty field —
 Warm the fireside haven —
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I ask, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
 Beauty awake from rest!
 Let Beauty awake
 For Beauty's sake
 In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
 And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
 Awake in the crimson eve!
 In the day's dusk end
 When the shades ascend,
 Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
 To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,
 Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
 I will make a palace fit for you and me,
 Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room,
 Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
 And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
 In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
 The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
 That only I remember, that only you admire,
 Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
 Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
 Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
 Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
 Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
 Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
 Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
 Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
 Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
 As heretofore:
 The unremembered tokens in your hand
 Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
 Enshrines, endears.
 Cold beats the light of time upon your face
 And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while
 And then forgot.
 Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
 Forgets you not.

The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
 Rose, and I saw in the night
 Uncountable angel stars
 Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
 Dumb and shining and dead,
 And the idle stars of the night
 Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
 The stars looked over the sea,
 Till lo! I looked in the dusk
 And a star had come down to me.

Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
 Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
 Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
 Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
 Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
 The true word of welcome was spoken in the door —
 Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
 Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
 Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
 Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
 Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
 Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
 Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
 Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
 The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
 Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
 Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood —
 Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
 Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney —
 But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
 When the right man rings them,
 Fair the fall of songs
 When the singer sings them.
 Still they are carolled and said —
 On wings they are carried —
 After the singer is dead
 And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
 In the field of heather,
 Songs of his fashion bring
 The swains together,
 And when the west is red
 With the sunset embers,
 The lover lingers and sings
 And the maid remembers.

I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope
 I have endured and done in days before;
 I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
 And I have live and loved, and closed the door.



La Courte paille (Maurice Carême)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Carême, a contemporary of Poulenc, was known as 'the poet of the children'. His poems have often been set to music. This group served as a vehicle for Poulenc's last song-cycle and the title was provided, on request, by the poet himself. The songs were written for the composer's favourite soprano, Denise Duval — 'or, more precisely, [as Poulenc said] for Denise Duval to sing to her small son, aged six.' She had created the role of Thérèse in *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* and of Blanche in *Dialogues des Carmélites*. The cycle dates from 1960. By then, the composer had ceased to play his own music in public; consequently, Denise Duval disdaining to premiere the songs with anyone else, she never performed them.

The short straw

Le Sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
 Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
 J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
 Il pleure dans son lit-cage.
 Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
 Son sable et ses rêves sages?
 J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
 Il se tourne tout en nage,
 Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
 Sur ton beau cheval de course!
 Dans le ciel noir,
 la Grande Ourse
 A enterré le soleil
 Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
 Il ne dira pas bonjour,
 Il ne dira rien demain
 A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
 Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

Sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey,
 Dear me! where can it have got to?
 I have rocked my little one in vain,
 he is crying in his cot,
 he has been crying ever since noon.

Where has sleep put out its sand
 and its gentle dreams?
 I have rocked my little one in vain,
 he tosses and turns perspiring,
 he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
 on your fine race-horse!
 In the dark sky,
 the Great Bear
 has buried the sun
 and rekindled his bees.

If baby does not sleep well
 he will not say good day,
 he will have nothing to say
 to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
 that greet him in the morning.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.

—Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
 quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?
L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

—Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
 que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!
Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

—Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
 la chose est sûre,
Mais comment la dire à maman?

La Reine de coeur

Mollement accoudeé
A ses vitres de lune
La reine vous salue
D'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeunes mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,
Hâtez-vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

What goings-on!

A flea in its carriage,
was pulling a little elephant along
gazing at the shop windows
where diamonds sparkled.

Dear me! Dear me!
 What goings-on!
Who will believe me if I tell them?
The little elephant was
absent-mindedly sucking a pot of jam.
But the flea took no notice,
and went on pulling with a smile.

Dear me! Dear me!
 If this goes on,
I shall really think I am mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence,
the flea disappeared in the wind
and I saw the young elephant
make off, breaking through the walls.

Dear me! Dear me!
 It is perfectly true,
but how shall I tell Mummy?

The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow
at her moon windows,
the queen waves to you
with a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,
she can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
to strange dwellings —

Where there are no more doors,
no rooms, no towers
and where the dead young
come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,
hasten to follow her
into her castle of hoar-frost
with the lovely moon windows.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu ...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
 Le chat a mis ses bottes,
 Il va de porte en porte
 Jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou,
 Tu dois apprendre à lire,
 A compter, à écrire,
 Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,
 Le chat de s'éclaffer,
 En rentrant au château:
 Il est le Chat botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu ...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
 The cat has put on his boots,
 he goes from door to door
 playing, dancing, singing.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
 "You must learn to read,
 to count, to write",
 they cry to him on all sides.

But rikketikketau,
 the cat bursts out laughing,
 as he goes back to the castle:
 he is Puss in Boots!

Les Anges musiciens

Sur le fils de la pluie,
 Les anges du jeudi
 Jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
 Tinte délicieux,
 En gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart
 Que reprennent sans fin
 Les anges musiciens,



Qui, au long du jeudi,
 Font chanter sur la harpe
 La douceur de la pluie.

Angel Musicians

On the threads of the rain,
 the Thursday angels
 play all day upon the harp.

And, beneath their fingers, Mozart
 tinkles deliciously
 in drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
 that is repeated endlessly
 by the angel musicians,

who all day Thursday,
 make their harps sing
 of the sweetness of the rain.

Le Carafon

"Pourquoi", se plaignait la carafe,
 "N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
 Au zoo, madame la Girafe
 N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?"
 Un sorcier qui passait par là,
 A cheval sur un phonographe,
 Enregistra la belle voix
 De soprano de la carafe
 Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
 "Fort bien", dit delui-ci,
 "fort bien!"

Il frappa trois fois dans les mains
 Et la dame de la masion
 Se demande encore pourquoi
 Elle trouva, ce matin-là,
 Un joli petit carafon
 Blotti tout contre la carafe
 Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
 Pose son cou fragile et long
 Sur le flanc clair de la girafe.

Lune d'avril

Lune,
 Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
 Faites-moi voir en mon dormant
 Le pêcher au coeur de safran,
 Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
 L'oiseau qui, lointain comme
 un cor,
 Doucement réveille les morts
 Et surtout, surtout le pays
 Où il fait joie, où il fait
 clair,
 Où soleilleux de primevères,
 On a brisé tous les fusils.
 Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
 Lune.

The Baby Carafe

"Why", complained the carafe,
 "should I not have a baby carafe?
 At the zoo, Madame the giraffe,
 has she not a baby giraffe?"
 A sorcerer who happened by,
 riding on a phonograph,
 recorded the lovely
 soprano voice of the carafe
 and let Merlin hear it.
 "Very good," said he,
 "very good."

He clapped his hands three times
 and the lady of the house
 still asks herself why
 she found that very morning
 a pretty little baby carafe,
 nestling close to the carafe
 just as, in the zoo, the baby giraffe
 rests its long fragile neck against
 the pale flank of the giraffe.

April Moon

Moon,
 beautiful moon, April moon,
 let me see in my sleep
 the peach tree with the saffron heart,
 the fish who laughs at the sleet,
 the bird who, distant as a
 hunting horn,
 gently awakens the dead
 and above all, above all, the land
 where there is joy, where there is
 light,
 where sunny with primroses,
 all the guns have been destroyed.
 Beautiful moon, April moon,
 moon.



INTERMISSION

L'Horizon chimérique (*Jean de la Ville de Mirmont*) Op. 118

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

For what proved to be his last song cycle, Fauré chose the poems of a young writer killed at the front in 1914. The sea had always been a powerful stimulus to Fauré's imagination; to these songs, it brings a vigorous, incredibly youthful *élan*. The closing words of the fourth song, with the 76 year old composer looking back over his career, have almost unbearable poignancy: "J'ai de grands départs inassouvis en moi."

The elusive horizon

La mer est infinie

La mer est infinie et mes rêves
sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant
les falaises,
Et mes rêves légers ne sentent
plus d'aise
De danser sur la mer comme
des oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues
les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en
ses plis;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront
une escorte
Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur
dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés
par l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave
des pleurs,
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne
amertume;
Les goélands perdus les prendront
pour des leurs.

The sea is boundless

The sea is boundless, and my
dreams are wild.
The sea sings in the sun, beating
against the cliffs,
and my light dreams are no
longer content
to dance over the sea like
drunken birds.

The surge of the waves bears
them away,
the breeze tosses them, rolls them
in the troughs;
playing in their wakes, they will
escort
the ships that my heart has
followed in their flight.

Intoxicated with air and salt, stung
by the spray
of the consoling sea that washes
away tears,
they will discover the open sea and
its bracing bitterness;
gulls that are lost will take them
for their own.

Je me suis embarqué

Je me suis embarqué sur un
vaisseau qui danse
Et roule bord sur bord et tangué
et se balance.
Mes pieds ont oublié la terre et
ses chemins;
Les vagues souples m'ont appris
d'autres cadences
Plus belles que le rythme las des
chants humains.
A vivre parmi vous, hélas!
avais-je une âme?
Mes frères, j'ai souffert sur tous
vos continents.
Je ne veux que la mer, je ne veux
que le vent
Pour me bercer, comme un enfant,
au creux des lames.
Hors du port qui n'est plus
qu'une image effacée
Les larmes du départ ne brûlent
plus mes yeux.
Je ne me souviens pas de mes
derniers adieux...
O ma peine, ma peine, où vous
ai-je laissée?

Diane, Séléné

Diane, Séléné, lune de beau
métal,
Qui reflète vers nous, par ta
face déserte,
Dans l'immortel ennui du
calme sidéral
Le regret d'un soleil dont
nous pleurons la perte.
O lune, je t'en veux de ta limpidité,
Injurieuse au trouble vain des
pauvres âmes,
Et mon couer, toujours las et
toujours agité,
Aspire vers la paix de ta nocturne
flamme.

I have embarked

I have embarked on a ship that is
dancing,
rolling and pitching and
swaying.
My feet have forgotten the
ways of the land;
the supple waves have taught me
new measures,
more beautiful than the weary
rhythms of human songs.
Did I have the heart to live
among you?
My brothers, I have suffered on
every continent.
I want only the sea, I want
only the wind,
to cradle me, like a child, in the
hollows of the waves.
Far out of harbour, now only a
faded image,
tears of parting no longer sting
my eyes.
I can no longer remember my
last farewells;
O my sorrow, my sorrow, where
have I left you?

Diana, Silene

Diana, Silene, moon of precious
metal,
reflecting upon us from your
deserted face
in the immortal indifference of
sidereal calm
the regret of a sun whose loss
we mourn.
O moon, I envy you your clarity,
mocking the vain troubles of
us poor souls,
And my heart, forever weary
and uneasy,
aspires to the peace of your
nocturnal light.

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés

Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons
aimés en pure perte;
Le dernier de vous tous est parti
sur la mer.

Le couchant emporta tant de
voiles ouvertes
Que ce port et mon coeur sont à
jamais déserts.

La mer vous a rendus à votre
destinée,
Au-delà du rivage où s'arrêtent
nos pas.

Nous ne pouvions garder vos
âmes enchaînées;
Il vous faut des lointains que je
ne connais pas.

Je suis de ceux dont les désirs
sont sur la terre.
Le souffle qui vous grise emplit
mon coeur d'effroi,
Mais votre appel, au fond des
soirs, me désespère,
Car j'ai de grands départs
inassouvis en moi.

Ships, we have loved you

Ships, we have love you
to no avail:
the very last of you has set out to
sea.

The setting sun has carried away
so many full sails
that the harbour and my heart
are deserted for ever.

The sea has borne you to your
destinations,
beyond the shores where our
steps must halt.

We could not keep your souls
captive;
you require distances that are
unknown to us.

I am one of those whose desires
are bound to the land.
The breeze that quickens you fills
my heart with fear,
but your call in the evening light
anguishes me,
for within me there are great
unappeased departures.

**In Green Ways (Op.43)**

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

During his long and industrious life, Herbert Howells was able to fuse the great enthusiasms of his youth, the English folksong and the Tudor polyphonists, into a distinctly personal voice. His music for the Anglican cathedral repertoire, with its sensitivity to atmosphere and acoustic, forms part of a timeless tradition without losing its own personality. Howells's instrumental music is idiomatic and beautifully crafted, but pride of place must be given to his compositions for voices. In paying tribute to his friend William Harris, Howells might have been describing himself: "As often as he puts pen to manuscript he bluntly and beautifully reminds us that the human voice is an instrument as delicate now as it was in the mythical days of the Garden of Eden, and must not suffer abuse."

In Green Ways appeared in two versions, with piano and with chamber orchestral accompaniment. It was first heard in 1928 in Gloucester Cathedral but the work lapsed into oblivion for fifty years or so. Besides adding that the extended song *The Goat Paths* has been called "one of the most moving embodiments of the Georgian frame of mind", we let the composer's note stand on its own:

"In *Green Ways* grew out of a desire to illustrate five moods concerning the countryside — *Under the Greenwood Tree* is its rough good-humoured side; *The Goat Paths* the summer leisure of high noon; the *Wanderer's Night Song* (in my own version of Goethe's poem) the calm of the night.

"Quite different in kind, *Merry Margaret* and *On the Merry First of May* are of **people**, whose appropriate background wd. be that of the countryside and its scenes."

Under the Greenwood Tree (*Shakespeare*)

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

*Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

Who does ambition shun,
and loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, . . .

The Goat Paths (*James Stephens*)

The crooked paths
Go every way
Upon the hill
They wind about
Through the heather,
In and out
Of a quiet
Sunniness
And the goats,
Day after day,
Stray

In sunny
Quietness;
Cropping here,
And cropping there —
As they pause,
And turn,
And pass —
Now a bit
Of heather spray,
Now a mouthful
Of the grass.

In the deeper
 Sunniness;
 In the place
 Where nothing stirs;
 Quietly
 In quietness;
 In the quiet
 Of the furze
 They stand a while,
 They dream;
 They lie;
 They stare
 Upon the roving sky.
 If you approach
 They run away!
 They will stare,
 And stamp
 And bound
 With a sudden angry sound,
 To the sunny
 Quietude;
 To crouch again,
 Where nothing stirs,
 In the quiet
 Of the furze
 To crouch them down
 Again,
 And brood
 In the sunny
 Solitude.

Were I but
 As free
 As they,
 I would stray
 Away
 And brood;
 I would beat
 A hidden way,
 Through the quiet
 Heather spray,
 To a sunny
 Solitude.

And should you come
 I'd run away!
 I would make an angry sound,
 I would stare,
 And stamp,
 And bound
 To the deeper
 Quietude;
 To the place
 Where nothing stirs
 In the quiet
 Of the furze.

In that airy
 Quietness
 I would dream
 As long as they;
 Through the quiet
 Sunniness
 I would stray
 Away
 And brood,
 All among
 The heather spray
 In a sunny
 Solitude.

I would think
 Until I found
 Something
 I can never find;
 Something
 Lying
 On the ground,
 In the bottom
 Of my mind.

Merry Margaret (*John Skelton*)

*Merry Margaret as Midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon or hawk of the tower.*

With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness.
So joyously, so maidenly, so womanly
Her demeaning in ev'rything
Far, far passing that I can indite
Or suffice to write

Of Merry Margaret. . .

So maidenly and so still
And as full of goodwill
As fair Isaphil, Coliander.
Sweet Pomander, Good Cassander,
Steadfast, well-made, well-wrought,
Far, far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find so courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret. . .

Wanderer's Night Song (*Goethe, trans. Howells*)

Over all the hill-tops is peace,
And through the darkened trees there blows
Scarcely a breeze.

O'er all the hill-tops is peace,
The birds are silent in the branches.
Wait a-while,
Soon thou shalt rest too.

On the Merry First of May (*H. Burkitt Parker, Claude Aveling*)

On the merry First of May
Maidens wash their faces;
Wash them in the dew, they say,
On the merry First of May,
Once a year at break of day —
So, at least, in places —
On the merry First of May
Maidens wash their faces.

On the merry First of May,
Maidens all, beware you!
Man is full of guile, they say,
On the merry First of May;
Vain are all your arts today,
He it is will snare you,
On the merry First of May,
Maidens all, beware you!

**The Mermaid** (*anon.*)

Traditional, arranged Roger Vignoles

This duet is subtitled 'for Tom and Sarah'. It was arranged by the distinguished English pianist for Thomas Allen and Sarah Walker.

O 'twas on the broad Atlantic,
 In an equinoctial gale,
 That a fine young man fell overboard,
 Among the shark and whale.
 And he went right down so very quickly,
 And so quickly down went he,
 That he went out of sight,
 Like a streak of light,
 To the bottom of the deep blue sea.
 Singing:

*"Rule, Britannia; Britannia rule the waves!
 And Britons never never shall be
 Married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea."*

Then we got the boats out quickly
 And we thought to find his corpse,
 When he came to the top with a bag in his hand
 And a hoarse sepulchral voice:
 "O my comrades and my messmates all,
 O don't you weep for me,
 For I'm married
 To a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea"
 Singing:

"Rule, Britannia, ..."

"In my chest you'll find my twelve months' pay
 Wrapped round with a lock of hair,
 You may take it and carry it
 To my dear wife with care:
 To my grandmother take my *carte de visite*,
 Saying: "Don't you weep for me,
 For I'm married to a mermaid
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea."
 Singing:

"Rule, Britannia, ..."

Then the anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled,
 And the ship was running free,
 When we went up to our capitain,
 And this we told to he;
 Then the captain he came to the old ship's side
 And out loud bellowed he:
 "Be happy as you can with your wife, young man,
 At the bottom of the Deep Blue Sea"
 Singing:

"Rule, Britannia, ..."

About The Aldeburgh Connection

We also present a series of Sunday afternoon concerts. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. On February 18 we celebrate our 25th anniversary, in a gala concert called *The Anniversary Waltz*, in the MacMillan Theatre. **Monica Whicher, Norine Burgess, Colin Ainsworth and Russell Braun** will be joined by other special surprise guests in a programme of music in three-quarter time. Our new CD of Schubert songs, featuring **Gillian Keith, Michael Schade, Colin Ainsworth and Gerald Finley** will be introduced at this concert.

We finish the season back in Walter Hall on April 29 with *The Care of a Genius*, a concert of songs by Sir Edward Elgar, with **Shannon Mercer, Susan Platts and Giles Tomkins**.

For information, tickets, or a season brochure, please call (416) 735-7982 or book on-line at www.aldeburghconnection.org.



Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Eve-Lyn de la Haye studies at the University of Toronto, with Mary Morrison. In her hometown of Victoria, B.C., she was a student of Selena James at the Victoria Conservatory of Music, where she completed her Diploma in Music and performed many roles with the Opera Studio. Some of her most recent operatic roles include Antonia in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Titania in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She has attended many prestigious summer programmes, including the Banff Centre for the Arts in Opera as Theatre and Opera NUOVA's five week opera intensive in Edmonton, Alberta. In the summer of 2006 she studied at Centro Studi Lirica in Italy and represented Canada in an international competition in France. This season she sang the role of Adèle in the University of Toronto's production of *Die Fledermaus*.

Benjamin Covey has sung *Messiah* with both the Regina and Hamilton Symphony Orchestras, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Bach-Elgar Choir, Faure's *Requiem* with the St. John's Church Choir of Elora, and he appeared in a nationally televised recital for BRAVO! Television's "The Classical Now". He has a Bachelor's degree and Opera Diploma from Wilfrid Laurier University and is currently enrolled in the Masters of Opera programme at the University of Toronto. Other concert experience has included Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* with the Guelph Symphony and the University of Guelph Choirs, Bach's *Cantata 64* at the Grand River Baroque Festival, Daley's *Requiem* with the University of Guelph Chamber Choir at Festival 500 in St. John's Newfoundland and Bach

Cantatas 70 and 110 at the International Bach Festival in Toronto. This past fall he played Dr. Falke in the University of Toronto Opera Division's production of *Die Fledermaus*.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*. He has appeared in recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and has toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records, the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label and The Aldeburgh Connection's new Schubert CD for Marquis Classics. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

The Aldeburgh Connection wishes to thank **RBC** for its support. **RBC's Emerging Artists Support Project** fosters the development of young artists as a future investment in the power of the arts to enrich our lives and enhance our communities.



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